UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY
Editorial Contributors:
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J. VILA BLAKE, HENRY DOTY MAXSON,
CHARLES F. DOLE, R. HEBER NEWTON,
JOHN R. EFFINGER, WILLIAM M. SALTER,
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WILLIAM C. GANNETT, HENRY M. SIMMONS,
ELLEN T. LEONARD, JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
JOHN C. LEARNED. KATE GANNETT WELLS,
UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE: Messrs. Blake, Gannett, Hosmer, Jones, Learned and Simmons.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL.	
Notes	97
Things Held in Common	97
In a Foreign Land.—F. L. H	98
Men and Things	98
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
November.—ALICE GORDON	99
What Makes Life Worth Living.—W. J. SHELDON	99
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
The Six Years' Course.—JOHN C. LEARNED	100
THE STUDY TABLE	101
NOTES FROM THE FIELD	102
THE HOME	103
PUBLISHER'S NOTES	103
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	103

Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

THE telegraph brings us the sad news of the death of the Rev. Henry Doty Maxson at Eau Claire, Wis., last Sunday evening. We must go to press without further particulars, or any word of our deep sympathy with the bereaved. We mourn with them the loss of a strong and noble man.

THE definition of sanctification given by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and quoted by the *Methodist Recorder*, is one to meet the approval of the most radical thinker, whether of the evangelical believer in that peculiar means of spiritual growth, or not. "Sanctification," says Mr. Hughes, "is an intense desire not to have your own way."

WE are in receipt of a cheerful letter from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, who left the Mississippi Valley a few weeks ago to take up the work at Pomona, Cal. They give hopeful accounts of the outlook there. On the first of November, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were jointly installed to the pastorate of this new movement, Dr. Fay preaching the sermon, Rev. Mr. Thompson of Los Angeles making the address to the people, Rev. Mr. Van Ness giving the double hand to the jo[illegible]ters. We send our greeting[illegible]ith those of their former [illegible]ains to these laborers. Distances are annihilated by sympathy: fellowship defies barriers of space.

IF any of our Unity Clubs or other educational societies can reach out their hands to Chicago and induce Mr. Fenn of the Church of the Messiah to come and give to the public his study of the "Briggs' Case," which was given at Janesville last week, they will turn a stream of intellectual sanity into the community that must flush many a corner, infested with the microbes of intellectual cowardice and theological obscuration. It is a lecture which Unitarians will enjoy, but one which those who still abide in the creed camps they do not much believe in, greatly need. We hope that there are those in the UNITY family who will take these hints, and so utilize Mr. Fenn until the embarrassment of too many things to do, will make his broad shoulders ache with the chances of doing good. His address was a word which united the skill of the scholar with the righteous indignation of the prophet, things admirable when separated, but commanding when united.

THE *Independent* recently published a symposium of evidence on the missionary work of the Protestant churches in America, giving a tabular view of the results attained in this field by different denominations. The Unitarian is not quite the last in the exhibit but is altogether the least, estimated by the space of ten lines given to its share of the work under discussion. The editor explains this by saying he had been unable to procure any reports from the main official society, and adds that no statistics are found in the Unitarian Year Book. We know not whether this is meant as a bit of satire, or whether it may not be taken as a back-handed compliment, inasmuch as probably more than three-fourths of the philanthropic and missionary work of Unitarians is done in ways that ask and win little popular recognition, or Year Book acknowledgment. The good Unitarian has a way of not always letting the left hand know what the right is doing.

WE called attention last week to the admonition on the part of the editor of the *Universalist Monthly*, of the brethren of the faith for their lukewarmness towards Unitarians; and are therefore the more glad to note testimony on the other side of the case in some words of cordial sympathy and praise in the *Gospel Banner*, another Universalist periodical, published in Augusta, Maine. The *Banner* thinks the report at the Saratoga meeting, of sixty-one new churches within two years, ought to set Universalists to thinking, since, it says, that body can claim in the same length of time only a gain of seven. It commends the missionary generosity of Unitarians, and thinks their success in this line particularly due to the policy of building churches at university centers. The aim of Unitarianism has always been to get hold of the educated men. Rev. Henry Blanchard has a letter in the same number, urging the union of the Universalist and Unitarian forces in Japan, but to this proposition the editor of the *Banner* does not agree.

THE growth and enterprise of Chicago in music during the last decade has been a subject of comment by all instructed minds. The removal of Theodore Thomas to this city and the formation of an Orchestral Association are among the later signs of this growth in the art spirit. A still later sign is the publication of a new periodical, a monthly magazine, *Music*, edited by the competent teacher and lecturer, W. S. B. Mathews. The new magazine is handsomely printed and bound, and the first number contains many articles of merit. We were especially glad to see the name of John S. Van Cleve among the list of contributors, who writes on "The Dignity of Music." Another writer sets forth the needs and plans of "Music in the Columbian Fair," and the editor of the magazine tells us of its general design. We shall watch the progress of this new venture in journalism with interest and a sincere desire for its success.

THE visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to this country is inspired by a most worthy purpose, which has thus far met with prompt and hearty response from philanthropic people on this side the water. The mission to secure a larger market for the toilsome products of the Irish lace-makers and embroiderers, is Lady Aberdeen's more especially than her husband's. She wishes to improve the opportunity offered in the World's Fair for the development of this line of Irish industries. English laws in too many cases cramp and retard these industries, and the present movement is designed, by the exhibition of this class of work, to obviate some of the evils arising from home misgovernment, and to bring into more general recognition articles of merchandise that have a higher value, both for use and beauty, than is generally known. Lady Aberdeen's recent visit to Chicago was attended with much encouragement in this scheme, especially among well-to-do Irish-Americans.

LAST week we mentioned the resignation of the Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Madison, Wis. This week it is our pleasure to chronicle the call and practical acceptance of a successor in Rev. H. C. McDougal, recently of Rockland, Mass. Mr. McDougal comes to his own when he comes back to the West. He is a graduate of Ann Arbor where he girded himself for a time for the work of the Presbyterian ministry. But the growing revelation of his growing thought made this impossible. After his graduation he had an experience of some years, as a teacher in Princeton, Ill. Then a brief business career at Eau Claire, Wis., and then the sunlight of the Unitarian gospel reached him, and he realized, to his delight, that there was still a possibility of his youthful dream of the ministry becoming true without his outraging his intellect or antagonizing the wealth of science, literature and modern thought which he had acquired in his college studies. So he turned the key on his business office and sought again the ways of the student at the Cambridge Divinity School, where he graduated in 1886. Immediately after, he applied himself to the task of rearing a new church and society at Rockland, Mass. Here he has labored most successfully up to the present time. Mr. McDougal is a man with a large heart to match the clear head, and the connection between the two is admirable. At the Council at Janesville, last week, he persuaded all present that he was the right man for the right place—open-minded, hospitable to thought and earnest in spirit. We "speed the parting guest and welcome the coming one." Madison is fortunate in knowing no painful *interregnum* between the services of one good minister and another.

THE recent second theological removal of Rev. H. A. Westall, pastor of the Unitarian church at Bloomington, back to the Universalist church of his first membership, is perhaps known to most of our readers. Mr. Westall has accepted a call to the Universalist Church of Jersey City, the call being accompanied first with the stipulation that Mr. Westall shall make immediate renouncement of his Unitarian position for the Universalist; after modified, and only requiring that "in due time" after assuming his new charge he shall "apply for the fellowship of the Universalist body." Mr. Westall, in a letter to the *Universalist*, explains his entire readiness to accept this condition, being, he says, in "hearty accord" with the doctrines of Universalism. He further explains that his work in the Unitarian pulpit for the past eight years "has been along distinctively Christian lines," one result of which—an important one in Mr. Westall's eyes—has been to secure fellowship to the Bloomington church with neighboring evangelical bodies, its admission to the American Bible Society and the American Sabbath Union. The *Universalist* speaks a commending word to the returned prodigal coupled with one of ecclesiastical reminder and warning. It thinks Mr. Westall has seen enough of "radicalism among Western Unitarians." UNITY, also, as the spokesman of this despised "Western" Unitarianism has its word of congratulation to offer both Mr. Westall and his new Universalist charge, assuming that the happiness of each is more nearly assured in this changed relation, while the meaning of the former's Unitarian connection being plainly so little understood is better severed in this way.

Things Held in Common.

At the Religious Council recently held in Janesville, reported elsewhere, an attempt was made to have one meeting at which representatives of the various religious organizations of the city, clerical or lay, would appear and speak on "Things Held in Common." Owing to the shortness of time, the pressure of other engagements and the reluctance of some of the resident ministers, this meeting was not realized, Prof. Whitney of Beloit College being the sole representative of the so-called orthodox churches who found time and disposition to come and speak his word of fellowship. Some of the replies which the Committee received were interesting and instructive. One or two of the members declined, on the score that they "held nothing in common with the Unitarians," and consequently, would be at a loss to know what to say if they came. This reply suggested the

theme to one of the speakers at the Wednesday evening platform meeting, a meeting that will be memorable to those who were present.

This speaker furnished the materials which will serve us for the Thanksgiving word we send to our UNITY readers. The Thanksgiving thought is the Home thought. It is the day when children from various interests and different localities gather at the old homestead, to reawaken common memories, to recognize common ties and dedicate themselves anew to common obligations and common duties. At the larger Thanksgiving table of religion, may not the Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Jew and the great pagan world that encircle the globe, meet and find abundant grounds for mutual congratulation, abundant provender for mutual support and abundant inspiration for future work? At this common board all may give thanks.

What do the denominations hold in common? A belief in the multiplication table, which is related to all the verities of the astronomical world, the foundation of the economical, industrial and commercial world. They hold in common a belief in and respect for the Golden Rule, which is the constitution of the commonwealth of civilization. They hold in common a respect for virtue, a hatred for those things that debauch and inebriate. In this country they hold in common a love for the American flag, a respect for the Constitution of the United States and an admiration for the Declaration of Independence. They hold in common an appreciation of Socrates, Plato, Dante, Goethe and Shakspeare, the vast wealth of literature, the triumphs of science, the pathetic struggle of the ages for freedom and for intelligence. These things appeal alike to representatives of all sects and all creeds.

Matthew Arnold said that "three-fourths of life is conduct," and do not all sects and all systems alike relate themselves to the problems of conduct? Even with regard to the other one-fourth which may concern itself with speculations, philosophies and acceptances about which there are serious differences, even in the realm of the intangible, they hold much in common. They have a common admiration for integrity. The abhorrence of insincerity, the contempt for duplicity, a thirst for truth they share. As to what that truth is they may differ, but in the passion for truth and in the search after it, surely the Episcopalian brother will not say he does not sympathize with his Unitarian neighbor. All people hold alike a love for orthodoxy, and a hatred of heterodoxy, only they may differ as to what is orthodox — correct belief — and what is heterodox — the deviation therefrom. They hold in common the sanctity of the fireside; they love together the lisping sweetness of childhood and the venerated dependence of old age. They hold in common a desire to see this world "bloom as the rose," to utilize its privileges and to approach the river of death with serenity and beauty. Clear up to this death line they might and should go together, and, if they must separate there, let them do it graciously. The Unitarian may be excluded from that heaven the Presbyterian, Episcopalian and the Catholic hope for, but, if there is a destiny for him on the other side, he is willing to take to the prairie and still welcome his orthodox friends into the hospitality of the Great-Out-of-Doors of Futurity. Even in heaven the Unitarian will have a welcome for those who may be able and willing to speak of the things still held in common on the other side.

Surely this is a Thanksgiving thought that fitly consecrates the Thanksgiving joys of the week. May it tune the Thanksgiving anthems of gratitude to the Great Father who has made of "one blood all the nations of the earth."

In a Foreign Land.

It is a delight to the traveler in a foreign land to feel at times the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." And one will often feel this if only he carry the interpretative eye and spirit. Beneath all the multiplied differences of faith and outward custom the human heart everywhere beats to certain great sentiments which energize life and give beauty and color to its mingled web. This is coming to be seen and recognized in our own age as never before. It is breaking down the old-time high walls that were built to separate peoples, and in their place is opening a highway for general travel.

One might find a parable in the story of the little Protestant cemetery in Florence, Italy. It lay originally outside the walls of the city and close in their shadow. The exclusiveness practised in life knew no let-up in death. But modern Florence has no walls. These have been taken down and the ground they once occupied has become the most beautiful boulevard in the enlarged city; and the little cemetery that once hid in obscurity has now no superior in prominence of location and publicity of view. It lies central in the wide boulevard, like an island in the stream, while the flow of life sweeps daily by on either side. These thoughts have been suggested by a letter from a friend now sojourning in Florence,—a friend also of UNITY,—the following extract from which will be of interest to many of our readers:

"Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have this morning (Nov. 1) placed a wreath of ivy upon the grave of Theodore Parker. To-day is "All Souls" day, the occasion consecrated to the memory of the dead in this country; and being here, it seemed to me good to enter into the spirit of the people among whom I am, and also suitable that upon this day of general recognition, his grave in a foreign land should receive its tribute. I felt all the more moved to do this, as he was a personal friend of my father, who was one of the band who first called him to preach in Boston.

Upon going to the little Protestant cemetery, which looked very green and pretty, I was glad to find that the American consul had already draped the stone with an American flag. My wreath, or garland of loose ivy branches, looked beautiful when hung against the national colors. Probably you know that a new monument has just been put upon the grave, much more worthy than the insignificant old one. This is a tall stone, pointed at the top, and having an oval medallion with a portrait bust in relief. Below is the inscription, the whole of it written in capitals:

THEODORE PARKER

The Great American Preacher. Born at Lexington, Mass., United States of America, August 24, 1810.

Died at Florence, Italy,
May 10, 1860.

His name is engraved in marble. His virtues in the hearts of those he helped to free from slavery and superstition.

"I noticed that two lovely wreaths of flowers had been placed upon the tomb of Mrs. Browning, and one upon that of Walter Savage Landor. There were a number of other wreaths in the little cemetery,—always white flowers. I was pleased to see that neither there nor at San Miniato, where we went afterwards with the throng of Italians, were there many of those ghastly metal wreaths which one sometimes sees. On that elevated Campo Santo, within and without the walls of its quaint old church, were quantities of fresh flowers; and sometimes candles were burning near them. The crowd of spectators moved in and out in a respectful manner; and I could not help feeling that it was a good thing to have this one day when thoughts are led to death, the continuance of love, and the hope of immortality." F. L. H.

Men and Things.

THE article by W. L. Sheldon which appears in this week's issue is part of an address on the same subject lately delivered to the young men and young women of his congregation in St. Louis, but its words of wise and timely counsel well deserve the larger audience gained through the printer's type.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT, of Yale, while not favoring the admission of women to study in the classes with men, is reported as saying that he does wish Yale had a woman's annex, and the only objection he finds to its establishment is that the university has n't the money to put in it.

MRS. WILLIAM S. ELIOT, who recently gave $1000 to the Meadville Endowment Fund, has just given $100,000 to Washington University to endow the chair of Chancellor, formerly filled by her husband, the Rev. Dr. Eliot. A new Chancellor has been elected in the person of Prof. W. S. Chaplin, of Harvard University.

ONE of our exchanges, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, sees an important sign of the decay of the spirit of caste in India, in the fact that forty-two Brahmans of different castes lately participated in a social entertainment, and that as yet, though there has been some threatening talk, no steps towards disciplining these progressive members of the faith have been taken. The *Advocate* traces this change to the work and influence of the Christian missionary.

"THE Ethics of School Life" by Juniata Stafford presents in printed form the series of lectures given by the writer at the Sunday-school Institute at Hillside, Wis. last summer. They comprise twelve talks on such talks as "School," "The Teacher," "Play," "School Mates," "Schoolhouse," "Prizes and Rewards." Miss Stafford is a teacher of several years' experience and recognized success, and speaks therefore from carefully acquired knowledge of her subject. This little book contains many wise hints and suggestions for parents as well as teachers. Published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 175 Dearborn Street. Price, 15 cents, $1.25 a dozen.

1892—*NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.*—1892

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The probable **Field of the Next European War** will be described in the Series of Papers **From the Black Forest to the Black Sea**, by POULTNEY BIGELOW and F. D. MILLET, superbly illustrated by Mr. MILLET and ALFRED PARSONS. Papers will also be given on the **German, Austrian, and Italian Armies**, illustrated, from studies made last summer in Europe, by T. DE THULSTRUP.

Mr. W. D. HOWELLS will contribute a new novel, **A World of Chance**, characteristically American. Especial prominence will be given to **Short Stories**, which will be contributed by T. B. ALDRICH, R. H. DAVIS, A. CONAN DOYLE, MARGARET DELAND, Miss WOOLSON, Miss WILKINS, and other popular writers.

Among the literary features will be **Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne**, by his college classmate and life-long friend HORATIO BRIDGE, and a **Personal Memoir of the Brownings** by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

Harper's Weekly.

$4 per Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for the coming year will contain more attractive features, more and finer illustrations, and a greater number of articles of live, intense interest than will be found in any other similar periodical. Among these latter will be a series of articles on the **Twenty-five Greatest Cities of the World**, including five hundred illustrations. The **Columbian Exposition**, the **Army and Navy, Great Public Events, Disasters on Land and Seas**, and the **Doings of Celebrated People of the Day** will be described and illustrated in an appropriate and timely manner. The Department of **Amateur Sport** will continue under the direction of CASPAR W. WHITNEY. The best of modern writers will contribute short stories, and the most distinguished artists will supply illustrations. The editorials by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS will continue an attractive feature of the paper.

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HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the latest information with regard to the Fashions, and its numerous illustrations, **Paris Designs**, and **Pattern-sheet Supplements** are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1892 will be written by WALTER BESANT and WILLIAM BLACK. Mrs. OLIPHANT will become a contributor. MARION HARLAND'S Timely Talks, **Day In and Day Out**, are intended for matrons, and HELEN MARSHALL NORTH will specially address girls. T. W. HIGGINSON, in **Women and Men**, will please a cultivated audience.

Harper's Young People.

$2 per Year.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. XIII., began on November 3, 1891. For the coming year this best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for youthful readers offers a varied and fascinating programme. In serial fiction it will contain **Diego Pinzon**, a story of the first voyage of Columbus, by JOHN R. CORYELL; **Canoemates**: a Story of the Florida Reefs and Everglades, by KIRK MUNROE; another story by one of the best known and most popular of American authors; and stories in three and four parts by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, E. H. HOUSE, ANGELINE TEAL, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, and MARY S. MCCOBB. More than **Two Hundred Short Stories**, by favorite writers, **Articles on Travel, Out-of-door Sports, In-door Games**, and all subjects dear to the hearts of the young, besides hundreds of illustrations by leading artists, will combine to make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1892 more worthy than ever of the remarkable tribute from the pen of W. E. GLADSTONE, that **"It far surpasses all that the enterprise and skill of our publishers have been able to produce."**

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N

Contributed and Selected.

November.

The earth in pallid stillness rests beneath
The crystal clearness of the evening sky,
Barred in the west by sunset's dull red gates.
And now gray twilight, stealing from the east,
With magic touch transforms the scene. The plain,
The tranquil river and the leafless hedge,
All melt into the solemn hue of eve.
Even yon traveler in his somber air
Wears the dull livery of the season sad.
Some frost untimely hath his youth despoiled,
Leaving its blight within the bud of joy.
For the missed summer bloom he holds the gift
November brings of patience, courage, strength
To endure all. By faith he walks, the while
One calm star, shining through the evening gray,
Lends a soft light to his uncertain way.

ALICE GORDON.

What Makes Life Worth Living.

I propose for this occasion to give an old-fashioned sermon. There will not be a new thought in it. Permit me to-day to drop the role of lecturer and assume that of preacher. What I am going to say will be so simple as to appear utterly tame and commonplace. It will be the kind of learning that comes from putting life to the trial, rather than from the study of books or philosophy. A religious teacher grows tired of talking to the minds of people; he knows that they are convinced enough already. Character develops through other processes than those of mere thinking or reflection.

I believe in the significance of that bad, old-fashioned word, "sin," and the good, old-fashioned word "soul." They have not been the mere invention of speculative theologians; they express an abiding, perhaps eternal, fact in the past as well as in the future history of the world. What is the use of being afraid of these words because they have been connected with traditions which men may or may not believe? If they are facts, let us keep the facts, and be grateful to those who have brought them before human attention.

It might be asked at the outset whether I think life worth living? My answer would be: It depends. While I would say emphatically that much of the human existence as now passed is not worth the living, I also carry it as an unshaken conviction that the Supreme Power in the universe has so arranged it that life could be made worth living. Practically we are brought back to the old answer. It depends on where we live; that is, whether down in the body or up in the soul. There is an upper element in the human being,—a something to be cherished, nourished, watched and cultivated, as the most precious thing in all the world. There is on the other hand a something lower, to be checked, held down and crushed out, as an element that is dragging at our heels, and sapping the joy as well as the value of human existence. All the rationalism of modern science or philosophy, has not in the slightest degree altered or overthrown this truth.

The first essential in determining what makes life worth living is, that we shake off the old habit of taking things as they go. Unless we do this, there is, of course, nothing to make life worth living. How many of us are clearly conscious as the years go by, that we are actually moving ahead, save that we are crawling nearer to middle age, old age, and so on towards the grave. Now I know this is an old-fashioned gospel. It has been talked so much that we ignore or forget it, but somehow or other we must be make to feel it. The majority of men are just dragging out an existence from day to day. And so I stand here to-day with the old demand, which can never be worn out. It has no especial philosophy; it deals with no particular creed. It is the one query, what are you doing with yourselves to make life worth living? This essential of having more life in the soul, is not merely a question of outward conditions. There is no situation in the world, no possible external check or hindrance, which can prevent a human being from growing in the inner higher self, becoming more of a person, a larger man or woman, at the end of the year, than he was at the beginning. It simply depends on whether you care to do it, whether you would rather live, or just simply exist and vegetate, like the plant, which may enlarge in bulk, but grows no more in beauty, complexity of nature, or charm of configuration.

The second essential is that we choose a life-purpose or motive. This too, does sound so tame and commonplace—the everlasting sermon of the preacher! Yet, how eternally true it is! The trouble is that while we have heard it with our heads, we have failed to hear it with our hearts. The thought I wish to leave on this occasion is, that you are bound as a man to choose a direction. Indeed we would say, perhaps even a bad choice is better than no choice at all; rather a second or a third-rate preference, than no kind of a preference. First and supremely the condition is that we do have such a motive. It might be nothing more than the effort to make money. Then we would say put that effort through, get the money, strive with every nerve in your being to succeed and accomplish that. Yes, we would say, far better to have so ordinary a purpose as to be a good athlete, than to have no purpose. If you have no other motive, then try that; keep at it relentlessly, never doubting that you can if you will, until you have succeeded. If life is to be worth living, it must have some kind of a motive or goal. If you can not choose the highest, then take the second, the third or the fourth-rate purpose; but choose something, and carry it through.

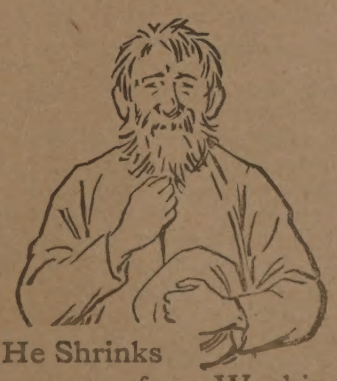
I can not, of course, get over the feeling, how very dull and ordinary this must seem! But within the last few years I have had so much to do with young men and young women, that this old-fashioned gospel has assumed to me an appalling intensity. I see around me these lives going to waste; I have watched them right here in our city from year to year; they are at a stand-still, and I know that ere long, because they are not going forward, they will go backward. What wonder if, with this experience before me, I turn and beg and plead. I raise a voice of warning against letting this better self die out here on earth. How can we, as religious teachers, look upon the world without a sense of pain, in seeing these dwarfs of human life who have stopped growing forever, just on the verge of maturity. Yes, frankly, without any thought of authority to the creeds, without any idea of submissiveness to superstition, I go back and put that old question, what are we going to do with our souls? Choose ye whom or what ye will serve! Practically speaking, it simply means, that while we give so much of our attention at the present day to athletics in the muscles of the body, we pay little attention to the athletics in the muscles of our souls, that is the training of heart and character.

You will begin now to understand what I have in view as to the supreme something which makes life worth living. You may, perhaps, have thought that I was going to say it was the love of friends that gave the value to life. But my reply would be: Life would be worth living though a man had not a single friend in the world. Perhaps you supposed I looked upon the home as being the value of life. But it could as well be said that the homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, could still find life worth living. You may have fancied that my thought was that you could find such a life-value in the relations to our city, to the state or to the nation, or to all mankind. But again, I would say, that if the state were dissolved, if there were no city, no human society, no mankind, life would still be worth living. For every man or woman, though he be the only individual in the world, there is that something we call a soul which is to be projected forward. It is struggle, struggle, everlasting struggle, that makes life worth living. We find its value in the effort to rise higher and purer in the scale of being. What makes life worth living is simply the struggle *to be*. The will power of a human being concentrated on a purpose, will inevitably give a value to life. I do not say that this is where it ends, but certainly that is where it begins. Whether we exert such an effort in that kind of a direction, determines whether we shall have a conviction that life is worth living.

Now can you wonder that I feel like singing rather a mournful lament over the present condition of the world. There is a slow decline stealing in over the young manhood and the young womanhood of America. The religious teacher is the one individual who watches this and trembles for the future. He knows that the one humanity which is worthless and must die out forever, is the purposeless humanity. Never mind whether this be old or new gospel, no matter where it came from, or who first said it. I ask you one query, Is it not true? Give us a new American young manhood, bring back something of the stern old Puritanism applied to new conditions. We can do it, only as we take fate or affairs into our own hands, not let things go as they please, but choose a life purpose, stand to it firmly, loyally, unflinchingly. Then ethics at last is reduced to practice. The gospel of bygone ages joins hands with the religious teaching of to-day; a purposeless mankind becomes a purposeful humanity.

W. J. SHELDON.

St. Louis, Mo.



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V. Confucianism.

PART I.

By John C. Learned.

"And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—*Luke xiii, 29.*

I. There is no figure, perhaps, so quaint and noticeable in our western civilization as the Chinaman. Although we see him every day, as in our cities, we seldom come to know him. He seeks no acquaintances among us. He demands no citizenship. For the most part he is content to take our soiled linen and return it to us clean. He secludes himself in his laundry where his thoughts and his ways, except so far as they are revealed to us through the windows, are a mystery. He has never been known to strike for reduced hours of labor; and how life ends with him when he can work no longer and the infirmities of age come on, we do not know.

Yet he is a member, and, in a certain way, the representative, of a mighty race. Back of him is a nation six times as great as our own. Back of him lies a civilization compared with which Europe is young. Back of him is a literature which is one of the marvels of antiquity,—no other from that period of time is so well preserved. (Legge.) He has manifested a power and patience of industry seen in no other race. It has been estimated that he performs from six to seven-tenths of all the manual labor done in the world. (Johnson.) Nor was work ever looked upon as the original curse, but as the source of every blessing, and as honoring his most honored ancestors.

One of the Chinese scriptures reads: "When a man ploughs not, some one in consequence suffers hunger; when a woman weaves not, some one suffers cold. In ancient times the Son of Heaven himself directed the plough, the empress planted the mulberry tree." "They who will not work shall not have." Thus does this nation produce each year mountains of silk; more than twenty hundred million pounds of tea; while in a single city, (King te Chin), more than a million workmen are engaged in the manufacture of porcelain. Four great discoveries having an immense influence upon civilization are attributed to China,—the mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing and tea. "Had Europe been in connection with China in the sixth century, it would have become acquainted with printing nearly a thousand years earlier than it did." And to-day she has many arts whose secrets we have tried in vain to fathom or to imitate.

But our interest in this race at this time is to find out, if we can, something about its religion. With what great ideas rising in the midst of his daily life, but going beyond it, is this man of the orient impressed? What deep thoughts underlie his conduct and furnish motives in the course of his actions? What is his interpretation of the threefold relation of duty,—his sense of what he owes to himself, to his fellow-man, and to the laws of nature or of God? If we can find out these things, we shall become better acquainted with him. We shall have the key to his civilization. We shall learn how one nation whose origin is so remote as to be lost in the mists of time, has outlived all the great empires of the world, and is still united and strong.

II. We can hardly look upon a Chinaman and not think of Confucius; for to no one name does China owe so much. Not that Confucius stands at the origin of Chinese nationality,—that had been going on centuries when he appeared. Not that he stands at the origin of its literature, for older than he are its "sacred classics." Not that he claimed anything new or revolutionary in his instruction or in his methods. He called himself an editor rather than an author; "a transmitter not a maker,—believing in and loving the ancients." He stood forth as a simple citizen of the empire, setting up no divine or messianic mission. Yet, as Johnson says: "His very abdication of originality is the most original thing I know of in the history of human leaders."

It can not be doubted that Confucius came at a critical time in the national life—"a wild, chaotic age." Feuds ran high, vice and crime prevailed, anarchy threatened. Many were speculating and contending about divine things, to the dangerous neglect of human duties. It was the office of the sage to call them back to the plain precepts of the soul and the hour. "Rectify your heart," he said: reverence the good already gained; the command and blessing of the now and here." He proclaimed, not like Jesus a kingdom in the future; but a kingdom already come and present, wherever men were obedient to the primeval and eternal precepts of truth and justice. It was not more light, so much as more humility and obedience, that was needed. There was wisdom enough in the ancients, if lived up to, to secure the salvation and happiness of all.

Then he had unbounded confidence in humanity. He believed in the natural goodness and capacity of men. He appealed to their best motives; and his influence and reward are seen in the love and veneration which now for nearly 2,500 years have been paid to him by millions; a number estimated all the way from one-fourth to one-half of the human race.

Confucius, ("Teacher of the family of Kung"), was born of a princely family, though in reduced circumstances, in the kingdom of Lu in the year 551 B. C. His father was a soldier, who, when seventy years old, married a young wife, Ching-tsai. The mother prayed for a son on Mt. Nee, and when the child was born in a cave of that mountain, there was a depression in the babe's head like that upon the mountain's summit. "Two dragons appeared above the roof of the cottage as guardians of the infant sage, and five venerable men came from afar to pay their respects. Within the chamber the young mother heard music and a voice saying, 'Heaven is moved at the birth of thy holy son, and sends down harmonious sounds.'" Then there were forty-nine marks on his body, and the words, "He will originate principles and settle the affairs of men." There bubbled up a fountain of clear water from the floor of the dwelling, in which the babe was bathed. A unicorn came to the mother holding a tablet in his mouth, saying, "This son of the essence of water (or child of perfect purity) shall rule as a throneless king;" that is by the power of his intellect.

When but three years old the father died, and the mother suffered much from poverty. At five or six years old the boy played at religion, and amused himself in imitating rites and sacrifices. At fifteen he thirsted for knowledge. At nineteen he married and became the keeper of stores and of herds. At twenty-two he became a teacher, and kept a model school, but with exacting discipline and refusing to waste time with stupid pupils. At twenty-four his mother died, greatly mourned. He built her a suitable mound; but for three years his lute was silent. At thirty he "stood firm" in convictions of truth and duty. Then he visited the royal library, studied music, and had a memorable meeting with Laotze. For fifteen years he led a private life though making some disciples. At fifty-two he was made a magistrate of Chung-too, and minister of the department of crimes. He soon became the idol of the people, for under him crime ceased. At Lu it was as in England in great Alfred's time. Yet his influence was at last overthrown by women who were brought in by his enemies to corrupt the inhabitants. Then he went into exile, and became a wanderer for thirteen years, returning at the age of sixty-nine. He already had three thousand disciples; and he devoted himself to revising and editing or abridging the sacred books. Engaged in this work he died at seventy-two.

These are the principal events of his outward life. His integrity won men's admiration everywhere. His motto was: Office may be accepted if there is no sacrifice of honor and principle, otherwise poverty and exile are to be preferred. "With coarse rice to eat, and water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have joy in these things." And yet his last days were sad. The people were far from uprightness and the rulers from equity. Toward the end he said, as he walked feebly with the aid of his staff:

"The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like a plant."

He despaired that no ruler had accepted his teachings. "My time has come to die." No wife or child was by him. Yet he betrayed no apprehension for himself, and uttered no prayer. In seven days he expired. His disciples buried him by the river Sze with affection, and with all the pomp they could command. Then when they told the news of the death of the master throughout the empire, the states were thrilled by the tidings. An admiration sprang up which has not waned in all these centuries. Still may the traveler see the grave and monument of Confucius at K'inh-fow, under cypresses in the midst of a dense oak forest, before which stand the statues of lions and of princes. He was the ideal and sinless man, the man of sorrows of the Chinese faith. On the tomb we may read this inscription: "The most holy and wise Teacher, Confucius. His spirit's resting place."

But although Confucius rose above all other saints and sages as Mt. T'ai above its fellow summits, yet the history of the Chinese religion has two other names of great influence. The first of these is Laotze (old master)—little more than a name, when we consider the facts known of his life; yet a mind of strong and original thought, and the source of a sweeping current of faith and worship which shows little sign of exhaustion. He was more than fifty years old (born 604 B. C.) when Confucius saw the light; and when they first met, "the Chinese Socrates," as Laotze has been called, must have been nearly a century old. The special form of faith known as Taoism is derived from him. He was said to be already seventy or eighty years old when he was born—a babe with white hair and eyebrows. Even then he was endowed with complete intelligence, and pointing to the plum tree under which he was born, he said, "Le [plum] shall be my surname." Again, pointing with his left hand to heaven and with his right hand earth, he declared: "In heaven above and on earth beneath Tao alone is worthy of honor." Later he lived in the library of Châu in the valley of Han. He was a mystic in temperament; yet taught that compassion, economy and humility were the greatest things on earth.

Much debate has risen over the meaning of the word Tao, which names his doctrines and his one book Tao-te-king, which is half as large as our shortest gospel, or as Du Bose says, twice as long as the sermon on the mount. It seems to mean the first principle of creation, and has been translated "the abyss," "the Word," and "the Righteous Way." Upon his teachings have risen lofty speculations and spiritual mysteries. Here is a passage from the Tao-te-king:

"The way that can be spoken, is not the eternal way;
The name that can be named is not the eternal name.
Nameless, the Way is the source of heaven and earth;
Named it is the mother of all beings.
He that is free from selfish desires, shall behold it in the Spirit;
He that is possessed by passions in the outward form alone;
And those two are one substance, though differing in name;
Depth and the depth of depths—the entrance to all spiritual life."

In the later times, Taoism, with its indefinable, unspeakable, unknowable realms of contemplation, has been peopled with spirits and gods of every sort. On the principle that nature abhors a vacuum—superstition has come in to claim the province of the unknown and unknowable, and to fill with its own grotesque creations the unoccupied fields of thought. Thus does superstition ever revenge itself upon agnosticism.

Contrary to Confucius, who believed in founding schools for the people, Laotze taught that ignorance was best for them. Progress and the arts but destroyed simple tastes, creating envy and discontent. He always enjoins gentleness and peace. He deplores capital punishment and war. He commends patriotism and loyalty; but his ideal man "recompenses injury with kindness." This is going beyond Confucius' maxim of reciprocity. And it must be said that he looked upon the followers of Confucius with their formal rules of behavior as the pharisees of the age.

Next to Confucius in the love of the Chinese is the sage Mencius, who was born a hundred and eighty years after the great teacher, (371 B.C.). Indeed he was the most renowned apostle and expounder of the doctrines of Confucius. He also came when such a leader of thought was greatly needed. Ambitious rulers in the empire were in a mortal struggle for power; and although like his master, he was often listened to and then apparently forgotten, he never despaired of the truth of his message. And afterwards for his boldness and fidelity in proclaiming his plans for social regeneration from court to court, addressing kings with the courage and directness of John Knox, the people of China placed him side by side in their thought with Confucius.

Mencius was well born and taught. Though his father died when he was but three years old, he was cared for by the best of mothers. She changed her dwelling place again and again to take him from the influence of those who would weaken his sincerity or blunt his conscience. She taught him the advantages of industry and self-culture. One day she cut a beautiful web she had been weaving to pieces, to show him the irreparableness of wasted hours. She turned his matured mind to delicacy in the treatment of his wife; and when he was called from her side to public duties she expressed her willingness that he should go, and her confidence in his character.

At forty he came before the people versed in all learning and master of the principles of Confucius. He felt himself dedicated to a cause to proclaim a better state of things. His teachings sparkle with wisdom, with the keenest common sense. He is not content with ethical precepts, although it has been said that "in morals he left nothing for Zeno or Butler to discover;" but he developed plans for labor, for taxation, for the proper dis-

tribution of lands, for the protection of parks, and for the better education of the people. Johnson says, "Mencius is the type of Chinese political science in the concrete."

He assumes always that human nature is good; with Plato that "no man willingly sins;" that the voice of the people, if you can get at it, is the voice of God, and that human rulers are God's assistants in the government of the world. "The function of evil (he says) is to drive men to good." He names four cardinal virtues; benevolence, righteousness, propriety, and wisdom; wherever there seems to be a conflict of motives or principles, the lower must yield to the higher. He tells one who is growing wayward or indolent that "the wild grass is filling up his mind." To one who doubted the worth of self-discipline he quoted the "Shiking": "The medicine will not cure the patient unless it gives him pain." Again, he says: "The disease of men is to neglect their own fields and go to weeding those of others; to exact much from others, and lay light burdens on themselves." "I have not attained to the sages of old, but I would learn to resemble Confucius. In all ages there was never another Confucius." To quote but one sentence more: "The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart."

III. It is necessary to speak somewhat more in detail of that literature which makes up the Bible of the Chinese. We have already mentioned the Tao-te-king, or works of Laotze. But much older is the "Shu-king," which though it seems to have had the sanction, if not the revising hand of Confucius, is the first great historical book of China. A legend makes its original and much extended form date from the year 2356 B. C. It is political and didactic history, containing the ethics and religion of the nation. As yet there is no creed and no caste to interfere with free thought or free action. Yet there are institutions and official rites. There are judgments and principles. "The religion of the Shu is in three things; faith in righteousness, in the people, in Heaven." "The 'great plan' sums up the five true ends of living, as long life, riches, health of body and serenity of mind, love of virtue, and a happy death; and the six evils as misfortune, short life, sickness, sorrow, poverty, wickedness and weakness."

There has been some doubt whether Ti, or Shang-ti, the being appealed to as highest, should be translated as Heaven or God—as an impersonal or conscious being. But Dr. Legge, who is perhaps our greatest authority, has no idea of making the Chinese a nation of atheists. He regards God and Heaven as interchangeable terms—the omniscient, omnipotent, and all-good power. We find that burnt-offerings of bulls, rams, boars, and flagons of spirits were sacrificed to God, that heaven blesses men as they are reverent and sincere, and their conduct upright. The ways of God are not invariable or the same with all, for the negligent are punished and the evil suffer. Even harvests are withheld for human crimes, for unfilial actions, and for disregard of the commands of God. Duties are called "the bright ordinances of God," the performance of which is as a fragrant and effective sacrifice. The ruler or king is a son of God, a fellow and helper, and vicegerent of God. Yet Confucius himself did not often employ the name Shang-ti.

(*To be continued next week.*)

WE may well be distrustful of that *love* that does not bear us on irresistibly to *loyalty*.

HEAR, ye, children, the instruction of a father.—*Prov. iv: i.*

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Happiness from Thoughts.*

The admirers of Mr. Blake's other works will not be disappointed by this new volume. It has the same quaintness of style, the same originality of thought, the same sense of profound peace and never-ending calm that make his writings such a contrast to the life of to-day. It seems almost paradoxical that the most restless of modern cities and the most radical of modern faiths should be the chosen home of such a tranquil spirit.

But the tranquillity, the peace and calm, are more apparent than real. They are like the calm which the poet Lucretius says we should see if we viewed a battle from some far-off mountain top. The furious charge of foot and horse, the clash of weapons, and the shriek of warriors would seem only a hazy brightness sleeping on the plain. And Mr. Blake views his subject from the mountain top. He says in his first discourse that "Duty is a high hill. When we have gone up it we are in a perfect and pure air, where all is life and quiet. The ills, turmoil, noise and terrors of earth are all below us." But, though below, they are still there. The battle is not hushed, though it may seem to be. And the shriek of the combatants, the clash of arms, the fierce charge of foot and horse are all to be heard, though softened by the "hazy brightness" which his rare style throws over them.

And he himself can strike as strong a blow, can make as vigorous a charge as any, in spite of his seeming calmness and gentleness. In the keen discourse on Authority he pays his respects to "the little, carping Protestant sects that shrink from bondage but dare not be free, that try to tie authority with reason and lose both." While in the large and stern discourse on Forgiveness he frankly declares that forgiveness "can have no place in God," and that speculation "is roguery and ought to be felony."

There is so much to enjoy and approve in these sermons that it seems almost like pointing out spots on the sun, to indicate any blemish in them. But even the sun has spots. And such a spot, it seems to us, is the picture of animal unhappiness drawn in the noble sermon called the Earth's Friendliness. The author indeed quotes from scientific sources, but we are inclined to think that the later views of naturalists are that this popular idea "is the very reverse of truth," to use Mr. Wallace's own words in "Darwinism." And the idea that brutes are "equipped at once" with teeth and claws, tough hide and warm hair, is also at odds, we think, with the views of most evolutionists.

Another spot on the sun—or in the critic's eyes—is the statement in the same sermon that it is "highly probable" that Mars is "inhabited." If the theory of evolution be true, and if the hypothesis of a gradual and successive formation of the planets be an essential part of it, then Mars must have been thrown off from the solar mass before the earth was. Therefore it is older than the earth, absolutely; and relatively it is still older. For the age of a planet is also proportioned to its advance in coolness; while its coolness is in proportion to its smallness. Mars is ten times smaller than the earth. Therefore it is relatively ten times older than the earth; and if ever it had any inhabitants like the human beings we know, it would have them ten times as early in its life-period. If we assume that the earth has taken a hundred million years to culminate in man, then Mars would take only ten million years to reach its culmination, and would have reached it more than ninety millions of years ago.

But this is not all. If evolution holds good for all our planets, the height to which life would climb on each planet would be proportioned to the length of the life period of that planet. If Mars has a life period only one-tenth as long as the earth's, then its life would climb only one-tenth as high as earth's—certainly not as high as man, and probably not as high as vertebrates. Of course this is only reasoning by analogy, but that is the only reasoning we can at present apply to other worlds than ours; and that distinctly denies any human inhabitants to our sister orb.

One other spot only have we found on our sun; and that is in the use of the Fourth Gospel as a trustworthy account of the actual words and deeds of Jesus. In his fine sermon on Peace Mr. Blake quotes often from this gospel to prove by real example that a man can have peace even in the most trying circumstances. But the first three gospels give a very different picture. The struggle in the garden to have the cup pass from him, though noble was certainly not peaceful, and the tragedy on the cross had for its closing words that terrible death-cry of despair—"My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?" All this is deliberately rejected from the gospel of John. The Jesus described there has no doubt, no agony, no despair. And we had supposed that scholars were agreed in rejecting that Jesus as not historic and we are surprised to find Mr. Blake holding him up as an actual person.

But such short-comings as these are few and far between, and for each fault a score of shining merits will reveal themselves which no reader can fail to see and enjoy. A. W. G.

Happiness from Thoughts, and other Sermons, by James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.00.

A Dinner in Old Egypt. By L. A. Higgins. Chicago: T. S. Denison. Price, 15 cents.

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The author of "The Anarchist" is a young man of Scotch-German descent, who has already made a reputation in Germany as a poet of the first order, and in this prose work his poetic genius is manifested as strikingly as in any of his poems. Under the veil of fiction he traces his own mental development to his present position—that of a philosophical and egotistic Anarchist. The scene is laid in London in 1887, and the riots of of Trafalgar square, the misery of the East End, the excitement over the Chicago executions, and the club life of the Socialists and Anarchists gathered in London from all quarters of the world are graphically pictured in panoramic succession. William Morris, Prince Kropotkine and other English Socialists are easily recognizable among the characters.

Chapter Headings.

I.—In the Heart of the World-Metropolis. II.—The Eleventh Hour. III.—The Unemployed. IV.—The Carrard Auban. V.—Champions of Liberty. VI.—The Empire of Hunger. VII.—The Tragedy of Chicago. VIII.—The Propaganda of Communism. IX.—Trafalgar Square. X.—Anarchy.

The St. Louis *Republic* says:

"The book is a prose poem, and consists of three branches or lines of thought. It gives a graphic and masterly picture of what may be called the modern misery—reviewing with a poets fire and a conscientious reporter's skill, the terrible evils of crowded city life, the bread riots of the unemployed, the monster of prostitution, and all that undercurrent of want and cruelty that confronts us to-day, side by side with the vast increase of wealth. The book also gives what seems to be an inside view of the great Socialistic-Communistic movement in Europe and America, showing in a touching manner the devotion and blind self-sacrifice to their ideal on the part of many of its leading spirits, and as incidents thereto, drawing pictures which remind one of Verestchagin's terrible war scenes. Through all this, and as an outcome of it all, moves the principal character, Carrard Auban, a powerful and original conception, who, from being a leader among the revolutionists, gradually learns by experience and close reasoning that this opposing of force by force is the wrong solution of the social problem, and that complete individualism—in other words, Anarchy—is the only final way out of the century-long troubles of humanity."

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Notes from the Field.

Humboldt, Iowa.—We are in receipt of a long report of the State Conference lately held at this point, but the crowded state of our "Notes from the Field" makes it impossible to publish more than an account of the business session, as follows:

"The reports from the churches and the field were gratifying. Keokuk has awakened to her former vigor under Mr. Pratt's guidance. Des Moines has rallied enthusiastically around Mr. Harvey; Decorah has settled a man to her satisfaction; Perry stands ready to pay half the salary of a twelve hundred dollar preacher for half his time; Cherokee goes forward to hope on the sound road of self-help, financially and spiritually; Rock Rapids grows in determination to meet the demands for constructive work; Forest City has an earnest group who are only waiting until the time be ripe; Manly is still true to HER name in as brave a little effort as need be made; Rock Falls seconds Manly in bearing witness that it is not size but spirit that gives the victory; the circuit of Eagle Grove, Belmond and Hamilton offers an excellent opportunity for immediate effort; while Ft. Madison and Burlington promise so well that they are to be the first care of the missionary committee after Perry is provided for. Iowa City alone is inactive. But it is the judgment of the Conference and the determination of the A. U. A. that a strong man shall be settled there at once. Sioux City, Humboldt and Davenport, which have experienced no checks to their prosperity in recent years, continue to send in better annual reports.

"The Conference, counting money secured at missionary posts, raised $500 during the year. Since April, preaching has been sustained at Perry fortnightly or monthly; at Cherokee several times; and occasionally at Forest City, Ames, Eagle Grove, etc. The missions are under the general supervision of a committee of which the secretary is chairman, but with the understanding that each church is to take the especial direction of the posts lying nearest. Cherokee and Rock Rapids are to be cared for by Sioux City; Perry and Boone by Des Moines; Ft. Madison and Burlington by Keokuk; the Belmond Circuit, by Humboldt; Manly and Rock Falls by a leader in the latter, to whose care Mason City is added; Iowa City, by Davenport, while Forest City bides her time. The settled ministers will take turns in supplying these places as far as practicable. Mr. Hunting, if not otherwise engaged, to be employed, if possible, each Sunday as a supply. These occasional sermons are to be seconded by lay services, and succeeded as quickly as possible by settled preaching. Four new ministers settled within a year, must be the showing the Conference is to make. Iowa City, Perry and Boone, Ft. Madison and Burlington, and the Belmond Circuit, are the four posts which should be filled by four strong ministers within a year; the two former at once.

"The following officers were elected: President, Mr. G. S. Garfield, Humboldt; Vice-President, Rev. L. A. Harvey, Des Moines; Secretary, Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport; Treasurer, Mrs. Caroline Groninger, Sioux City. Notice of an amendment to the articles of incorporation in regard to trustees and voting was given, and Keokuk named as the next place of meeting. The work of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society was recommended to the churches, and the retiring president, Hon. B. F. Gue, was thanked for his long continued services to the association, as were the people of Humboldt for their generous entertainment,—and the visiting ministers for their generous and efficient aid.

ARTHUR M. JUDY, *Sec'y.*"

The Religious Council just closed at Janesville was even more satisfactory than its most hopeful friends had predicted. While not a very large gathering, it still represented quite an area geographically, and a much larger field of thought and aspiration. Whitewater, Cooksville, Madison, West Superior, Arcadia, Lake Geneva, Oshkosh, Beloit, Moline and Chicago were represented. If the warm words of welcome from Janesville and the hearty acknowledgment of the inspiration which came from the spoken words prove anything, they show that good results must follow from the coming together to speak our deepest and truest thoughts upon vital and living subjects. We were glad to meet our new brother and friend, Rev. H. C. McDougal, of Madison. We shall not soon forget the help he brought toward making our Council valuable. Mr. Miller of Whitewater "came to listen" and went away testifying that it had "been good for him to be here." The programme as planned was carried out without any failures and with a few additions. The keynote of the conference was struck in the opening sermon of Mr. Jones on "The Thought Side of Religion," and was well sustained throughout. Mr. Fenn's scholarly and therefore telling blows, at the textual absurdities of the Briggs prosecutors and his regret for the still more deplorable moral cowardice of the persecuted, who on the eve of trial withdrew under cover of a technicality, were clearly and sharply put. Mrs. Henrotin's address explaining to us the things aimed at by the Women's Auxiliary Congress compelled us to see the eminently religious character of their work and to realize that if we are to receive from this World's Fair any lasting good we must put ourselves at once in training, so that our ignorance shall not stand between us and a comprehension of what is being offered us. This paper was admirably supplemented by Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth's discussion of the work. Mrs. M. S. Savage's paper so high and fine on "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," called us to the consecration that is developed through great patience. Mrs. Buckstaff's essay on "Post Marriage Studies" reminded one of the question once more or less gravely discussed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Ought Women to learn the Alphabet?" If we grant this much, then it must follow that the studies outlined by the essayist, the fullest knowledge of art, science and sociology are none too much for her who would worthily do her work as wife and mother. The last session arranged for by programme on Thursday morning, was occupied by Rev. Ida C. Hultin and Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones. Miss Hultin outlined the mission, the hopes and the purposes of the Woman's Conference she ably represents. Mrs. Jones in her Historical Reminiscences gave a masterly grouping in silhouette of many of the fathers of the Unitarian Church, a paper so graphic and so full of wit as to deserve a larger audience. The warm welcome and the continued hospitality of the Janesville parish, the cordial helpfulness of Mr. and Mrs. Gibb carried the Council to a most successful and pleasant ending in the supper of Thursday evening. Mrs. Gibb, the pastor of All Souls Church, presided as Toast Master with unusual tact and grace and brought from home and visiting talent many happy responses.

M. H. PERKINS, *Sec. W. W. U. C.*

Chicago, Ill.—The Unitarian Club met on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, at the residence of Mrs. F. S. Howe, on the North Side. A goodly number were present. A paper on "Some Assumptions of the Higher Criticism" was read by W. W. Fenn, which was what might have been expected from the scholarship, as well as the wit and wisdom of the new pastor of the First Church. After a brief discussion of the paper, a half hour was devoted to business. John R. Effinger, Secretary of the W. U. C., expressed a wish, which was felt by many others, that some plan might be devised by which the four Unitarian churches in Chicago, and the church in Hinsdale might be brought together in closer sympathy and co-operation. T. G. Milsted, pastor of Unity Church, suggested that some means be taken to arouse the interest of the laity in such a union. This sentiment met a cordial response from D. L. Shorey of the First Church; and J. Ll. Jones, of All Souls, thought that the Club had justified its existence under its present conditions, but was ready to second any movement or take any name that would secure general interest and co-operation among the Unitarians of Chicago and vicinity, with the hope that even a larger union of Chicago liberals might be possible in the future. On motion of Mr. Effinger, which was unanimously adopted, the pastors of the four Unitarian churches of Chicago, and the church at Hinsdale were requested to name a committee of three from each church to confer together and arrange for the next meeting, and to submit a plan for the reorganization of the Club. After refreshments served by the hostess, the meeting adjourned in a delightful glow of good fellowship and social enjoyment.

—There will be a meeting of the branch of the W. W. U. C. at All Souls Church, December 3d. Subject of the afternoon, "Channing and his Time."

Boston.—The time-honored proclamation for Thanksgiving Day has been published and names November 26th as the family holiday and adds the colonial recommendations of church-going and charity.

—Rev. Wm. I. Lawrence writes from Tokio that the Unitarian Theological school of Japan opened with eight promising students, several of whom have visited the United States.

—At the Sunday-school Union a joint experience-report from Superintendents will be made.

—Rev. Brooke Herford will receive a hearty farewell greeting and regret at the Unitarian Club, December 28th.

—Rev. Ernest C. Smith will tell the Monday Club of his California and Oregon preaching.

—Rev. Booker T. Washington will canvas Boston and vicinity for usual help for his Tuskegee colored school.

—A new weekly series of fresh sermons by Rev. Messrs. Slicer, Collyer, May and Williams, will be published under the title of "The Weekly Exchange" at the rate of fifty cents per year or fifteen cents for the sermons of either one preacher. They can be ordered from Chicago Headquarters.

—Rev. E. A. Horton will lead the next Sunday morning vesper service of the Channing Club and Suffolk Conference.

—The city outdoor gymnasium for boys and girls on Charles river park has closed after receiving 144,439 visitors since last springtime.

New York.—The new church at Harlem, corner Lenox avenue, and 121st street, was dedicated November 10, in connection with the seventh annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada. Rev. Edward Hale, of Orange, N. J.; Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, of New York; Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn; Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Syracuse; Rev. M. St. C. Wright, the pastor, and Mr. Francis D. Fisher, chairman of the building committee, took part in the interesting exercises of dedication,—Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, preaching the sermon. The conference met the following day and crowded a full programme into morning, afternoon and evening sessions. There were papers by Rev. John W. Chadwick on "Constructive Achievements of the Higher Criticism;" by Mrs. Charles T. Catlin on "Wanted — for Unitarian Women;" by Rev. Theodore C. Williams on "Christ in Modern Thought;" by Rev. Edward Hale, of Orange, N. J., on "The Modern Imitation of Christ;" on "Biblical Religion at its Best," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, and on "The Scientific Inspiration of Religion," by Rev. T. R. Slicer. Two topics—"Our Young People; How can we best promote their moral and spiritual life and attach them to the church?" and "Form and Organization: how far are these necessary and helpful to a Liberal church?" were discussed in four ten-minute addresses each. Rev. Charles R. Weld, of Baltimore, spoke on "The Claims of the Modern Church," and John A. Taylor, Esq., of Brooklyn, on "Man's Claims upon the Modern Church."

Omaha, Neb.—The long cherished hope of the Unitarians of Omaha was fulfilled on Sunday, Nov. 15, in the dedication of their new church-home. Large congregations gathered to the services morning and evening. Two open grates lent a home-like air to the octagon-shaped audience room, and the exercises of the day were shared by Rabbi William Rosenau, Rev. Mary A. Safford, Rev. J. C. Learned (who gave the sermon), Rev. T. B. Forbush, Rev. Lloyd Skinner, Prof. H. P. Lewis, Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, Mr. W. S. Curtis, and the pastor, Rev. Newton M. Mann. Two of the hymns sung were written by the pastor, two by F. L. Hosmer, and two by S. Longfellow. We hear of desk and organ-alcove filled and embowered with chrysanthemums, roses, vines and palms. Mr. Burlingim presided at the organ and Miss Rene Hamilton led the singing. Mr. Mann announced that "if any present had expected a collection they should put their hearts at rest. The cost of these improvements had been provided for." He sketched the history of the organization and spoke of the labors of his predecessors, Bond and Copeland, and of the help extended by the American Unitarian Association. The greetings of the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference were conveyed by letter. From the dedication hymn, by the pastor, we copy:

"Upon our faith these walls rely,
This house is builded on our thought;
Not costlier than our purse can buy,
Yet bright with thoughts of home inwrought."

Portland, Oregon.—Much interest is felt here in a new society, a Scandinavian Unitarian church. The leader in the movement, Rev. John L. Ericksen, recently withdrew from the church of which he was pastor because he could no longer conscientiously indorse its doctrines. He at once organized a church on a Unitarian basis with about forty of his people as members. For the present they are worshiping in a hall which is crowded at the Sunday services. The various organizations connected with the First Unitarian church ase actively at work with Dr. Eliot and Mr. Wilbur, Associate, at the helm. The Sunday-school is steadily growing. The members of the Young People's Fraternity are enthusiastically studying Emerson, using Gannett's Outlines, holding Sunday classes for religious study, and doing many helpful things in church and social life. The P. O. Mission while still carrying on the usual lines of work, has taken up an enterprise which it is believed will prove another arm of usefulness. The church parlors have been fitted up as a free reading-room, supplied generously with current periodicals, and are kept open every evening from 7 to 10. An illuminated sign invites the passer-by, and within the comer is welcomed by warmth, light and the greeting of some member of the P. O. M. While the place is decidedly Unitarian headquarters, the atmosphere is that of a cheerful evening at home, with no obtrusive suggestions of the church. We hope much from this beginning of open house in our church life.

De Ruyter, New York.—Chas. H. Maxson, Esq., and wife, of this place, have lately helped the cause of liberal religion in this community by the frank statement of their religious opinions, and the request that the church of which they had been members for many years, the Seventh Day Baptists, decide whether or not such views were consistent with membership in their organization. The result was ex-communication, and a decided sensation in the community in which Mr. and Mrs. Maxson had been so long honored. The action of the church can not be criticised, but the course pursued by these members of it might well be followed by many people everywhere. Such clear-cut issues certainly help the cause of honest and fearless thinking. It is an inspiration, too, to find men and women well passed the "threescore and ten" giving the younger ones such a noble example of courageous, self-sacrificing energy in the cause of truth.

Grand Rapids.—The Unitarian society at this place, Mila F. Tupper, pastor, recently held a meeting to perfect a new organization. The following "Bond of Union" was adopted, after which the statement of the Western Conference, "Things Commonly Believed Among Us," was also voted upon and accepted. "Earnestly desiring to develop in ourselves, and in the world, honest, reverent thought, faithfulness in our highest conception of right living, love to men and the spirit of service, we unite as members of Unity church, hoping thereby to help one another in all good things, and to advance the cause of pure religion in the community, basing our Union upon this expressed moral and religious purpose, and emphasizing the religion of character and daily life above all credal confessions."

Pittsfield, Mass.—A Unity Club was organized Oct. 20th, with a membership of twenty. Rev. Carl G. Horst was chosen president, Mrs. C. E. Farrar, vice-president; Mrs. Josie Stillman, secretary and treasurer. The club meets on alternate Tuesday evenings. Rev. Mr. Horst, preaching on a recent Sunday evening on "Prisons and Crimes," emphatically condemned capital punishment.

Denver, Col.—From the Denver *Times* of November 3d, we learn that Messrs. A. W. Dellquest and P. J. Andrews of the Meadville (Pa.) Theological School are in the city for the purpose of investigating the prospects of organizing a Swedish Unitarian society in Denver. Mr. Andrews preached in Unity Church, Sunday, Nov. 8th, at 3:30 p. m.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—A holy act strengthens the inward holiness.

Mon.—Whoever respects himself constrains the reverence of others.

Tues.—When virtue conflicts with virtue, is the real rending of the soul in twain.

Wed.—Love is its own perennial fount of strength.

Thurs.—We win by tenderness, we conquer by forgiveness.

Fri.—We are here not merely to act, but to be acted upon.

Sat.—He is the servant of God who lives above his age.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

Thanksgiving.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the bountiful harvests now gathered and stored,
That by Thee in the lap of the nations were poured,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the blessing of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye
That warms with a welcome and glooms with good-by,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

A Life for a Life.

It was midnight. Deep silence reigned in the hospital ward. Alone of all the nurses, Madeline Alton kept watchful vigil. Thoughts of her brave lover, Maurice Fitz Gordon, crowded her wakeful brain. The cruel war was over. The morrow's dawn would smile on a country at peace within itself, and the day that brought peace to her distracted country would lay the crown of perfect womanhood on her as Maurice's bride. Soon the sound of muffled footsteps recalled her from her dreams.

"Still another patient for your care, nurse," the doctor said, advancing. "A serious case, I fear! But you have saved many a poor fellow in as bad a plight. He is in God's hands and yours. He must take this every hour," he added, reaching her a phial. "Humanly speaking his life depends on this sustaining spirit and on your skill."

Madeline took it with a mute sign, her heart fired with the resolve to save one more from death.

"Shall I die, nurse? tell me, shall I die?" the sick man moaned.

He turned restlessly, muttering between his set teeth, "A life for a life. The atonement of blood."

Moved with deep compassion Madeline bent over him with a tender and loving gesture, if perchance out of the depth of her own blessedness she might minister to his despair. He caught the compassionate light in her eyes, and snatching her hand to his burning lips he murmured, "Undone, undone, murderer that I am."

"There is mercy with God," she gently replied. Then words strange and incoherent broke from his quivering lips—of a bitter, secret enmity—an unexpected meeting after the battle—a cruel, murderous stab from behind—a heavy thud and then a hurried flight. . . . .

Madeline laid her hand on his feverish brow with a warning gesture, and as she carefully adjusted the light clothing, her eye fell on the carved emblem of an anchor suspended round his neck. The sight froze her blood; every particle of color faded from her face.

"The name? the name?" she cried.

From the lips of the half-unconscious man came in broken gasps, "Fitz Gordon."

The effort was too much; he sank back in a heavy swoon, while a cry as of a wounded creature smitten to the heart, broke from the lips of the stricken woman. A hard, stern look crept into her face, and she, too, repeated, "A life for a life." The sleeping man tossed uneasily, as if moved by some subtle instinct of danger. Justice was so near—not to do—only to withhold. The murderer then would face his Judge. Madeline turned pitilessly away, her heart throbbing with wild, clamorous demand for retribution. Another moment and her haggard eyes caught sight of the wooden crucifix on the wall. . . . . No sound—only the figure of a mute woman prone on her face in an agony of prayer, face to face with God.

When the morning dawned the patient's breath came regularly and gently as the sleep of a little child. The doctor drew near. "Saved," he said, turning to the nurse. Then the words died on his lips. In that one night of awful agony Madeline's raven hair had blanched as white as snow.

FLORENCE WHITE.

Chicago, Ill.

Then Steals a New One.

Mrs. F. W. Robinson, of New Haven, Conn., has a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from the sitting-room and took it out in the yard to play with. During his frolic the feathers were all torn out. Mrs. Robinson took the handle away and gave the dog a severe whipping, at the same time showing him the featherless handle. About an hour afterward the dog walked gravely into the yard with a brand-new duster, like the one he had destroyed, in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring fancy-goods store.—*Chicago Times.*

Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I have a particular word to say on the subject of Christmas cards before it is too late, in other words, before supplies of these beautiful but not always edifying articles are already laid in.

Is there any good reason why thoughtful people should send out Christmas souvenirs that are positively destitute of thought-significance like most of the Christmas cards on the market? Perhaps, if nothing of thought-significance can be had that has beauty also. But sometimes these elements can be combined. I have tried to combine them in the three little books that I will describe:

"*Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning,*" compiled by Mary E. Burt, grew out of the author's experiments in introducing Robert Browning to the children in a public school where she was teacher. It constitutes so far as I know the only collection of *ethical* extracts from Browning, and in most cases the extracts are those which were understood and enjoyed by the children (who were too ignorant to be aware that Browning is incomprehensible). The book contains forty pages, with a dainty cover of imitation parchment, stamped in brown ink with an original design by the author. 25 cents, $2.50 a dozen, postpaid.

"*Blessed be Drudgery,*" by W. C. Gannett, is too well known to UNITY readers to need description, except as to the mechanical make-up of the new edition. It is from new plates, in leaded type, making thirty pages. It is bound in white Windsor handmade paper, stitched with white silk. Price 10 cents, $1.00 a dozen, postpaid.

Uniform with this I have in press a new sermon, "*The Royalty of Service,*" by Frederick L. Hosmer, minister of the Church of the Unity at Cleveland. Orders may be sent for this at any time, and they will be filled on or before Dec. 7th. Price 10 cents, $1.00 per dozen.

The Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society has now ready the manual for the second year in the Study of Duties of the Six Years' Course, being "The Ethics of School Life," by Juniata Stafford. This manual contains twelve lessons adapted to use either in Sunday-schools or public schools. For the latter a special edition is printed without the "Unitarian" imprint. Price of either edition 15 cents; $1.25 a dozen.

I desire to call especial attention to the advertisement of Benj. R. Tucker, in another column. I have not had time to finish the reading of Mackay's book "Anarchy," but from the first chapters my impression is that it is a dispassionate and thoughtful review of present conditions here and in Europe, and well worthy of respectful consideration. I have seen several numbers of his *Weekly Bulletin*, advertised elsewhere, and it seems to me almost invaluable to one desirous of collecting the freshest newspaper and magazine articles on any given subject.

C. H. K.

The Unusual Always Happens.

In a previous issue of this paper our readers must have noticed a large advertisement and unusually extraordinary offer of J. D. Larkin & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Undoubtedly they have both attracted much attention. The offer is certainly one seldom equaled, never excelled. It shows on its face that the firm have implicit confidence, not only in their goods, but our readers also, else they would not send the goods on 30 days trial. Their reliability is well known and their ability to fulfill all they say is beyond question as any one can readily learn by the commercial reports.

We do not doubt that they will be obliged to keep their immense establishment busy day and night to supply the demands made on them for Sweet Home Soap and the Chautauqua Lamp. No one can afford to let this golden opportunity pass. Secure a Chautauqua Piano Lamp while there is a chance. They are worth more than the price of the whole Combination Box. We've tried it.

An Extended Popularity.—Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have been proved reliable. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

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BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, 2c. mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.

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Second Year of The Six Years' Course.—Some Religions of the Older World.

The Sunday-School.

V.—CONFUCIANISM.

REFERENCES for Confucianism:
Oriental Religions—China.—Samuel Johnson.
Life and Teachings of Confucius.—James Legge.
Life and Teachings of Mencius.—James Legge.
Confucianism and Taouism.—Prof. Robt. K. Douglas.

LESSON XII.

Land and People. Life of Confucius. Sacred Classics.

1. Land and characteristics of the Chinese race. Products; industry; conservatism
2. How many religions to be found there, and their names.
3. Life and legends of Confucius. Date of his birth.
4. His appearance, character, way of living and death.
5. The "Sacred Classics" or Kings. Name them and give some account of their age and contents.

NOTES.

The Chinese first settled on the Hwangho or Yellow River, in the fertile district of the "Middle Kingdom." CATHAY was the name of China in the Middle Ages, which Columbus hoped to reach by sailing westward.

Compared with India, a *working* rather than a *thinking* world.

"Prophets have never made their appearance in China."—*Neumann.*

Confucius felt that his mission was not that of a recluse, but to mingle with the people. He is not described as handsome, but "tall, strong and well-built, with a full, red face, and large and dreamy head."

Though all the "Classics" bear the impress of Confucius, only the **"Spring and Autumn Annals"** was written by him; and it was less valued than the "Book of Poetry," which was oldest of all, or the "Book of History." The "Book of Changes" was written by *Wan Wang* within prison walls, about 1150 B. C. It is very philosophical and abstruse, some things in it suggesting the ideas of Pythagoras. The "Book of Rites" is said to have been compiled in the twelfth century B. C., and its minute regulation of manners and customs has had an immense influence—its rules being the authority throughout the empire; while a Board of Rites at Peking has for its object to see that they are carried out.

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